

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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GALLAUDET HOME.

I write this news at odd times or occasionally, or whenever I think there is sufficient amount of news on hand to fill a column or two.

Shortly after the Christmas holidays were over I sent the JOURNAL two or three columns of interesting matter, but somehow it failed to reach the office of the JOURNAL or was lost.

Nothing social or amusing ever takes place here, and so, as a matter of course, I can hardly be expected to find much to write about, but whenever I do scrape up some incidents relating to this place and its inhabitants and chronicle them through this newspaper, they are read with eager interest by a good many JOURNAL readers.

During the Christmas respite a Mrs. Dunlap, who lives somewhere on the Pacific Coast, in the State of California, sent me a Christmas greeting on the back of a card, and added that I had many unknown friends in that far-off part of the country, who read this column when ever it shows up in the JOURNAL, with no little interest and pleasure.

At the present time there are living at this Home, all told, twenty six inmates—fourteen females and a dozen males.

Two of the lady inmates, who are both over sixty years of age, do their share of the ironing work in the laundry, while one does her share of the work in the kitchen.

A couple of the women help do a little housework. None of the men have any kind of regular work to do.

One of the women, Mrs. Rusk, is blind, deaf and dumb, while three of the men are so afflicted, while another is blind and deaf.

All the women are over sixty years of age. A few are over eighty. All the men are over fifty.

Now and then a few cane-seated chairs are brought here from different quarters to be re-caned, and so two of the blind men do the work, and so aid the Home in scraping up a little money during the year, and feel grateful that they have something to occupy their minds.

This Home is on a one hundred and sixty-five acre farm, which is worked and managed by Mr. Samuel Gardner, who is now about fifty years of age, and who is the brother of Principal I. B. Gardner, of the New York Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb. Samuel Gardner lives in the small farmhouse on the farmstead, about one thousand five hundred feet east of the Home. His wife and two daughters, Eleanor and Marcia, live with him. Whenever the work on the farm is heavy, Samuel hires two or three men to help him. Every morning Samuel Gardner himself drives up to the back door of the Home with a customary amount of milk, eggs and vegetables, and so keeps it supplied with such articles.

The Home is in the care of a matron and an assistant matron, and a nurse or lady whose business is to look after all who appear to be sick, and whenever called upon to do so, acts as an aid to the matron in one way or another. The present nurse is Mrs. Elizabeth Dixon, a widow, who has a brother living here, who is Samuel Johnson, who is nearly totally blind as well as deaf. Mrs. Dixon, who came here to work half a year ago, seems to be at home here.

The other domestics are the janitor, the cook, the chambermaid and the waitress. Mrs. Palmer, who has a family of several grown up boys and a husband, and who lives just outside of the entrance to the Home, on the main highway, does the washing.

Some rather extensive and necessary repairs and improvements are going on here now. A new lavatory has been built at the eastern extremity of the hallway, on the women's side of the house, and is found to be an indispensable affair and improvement. It there is any fault with this additional room, it is that it deprives the hallway of its only window, and therefore darkens it. So long as the door of the sewing room nearby is kept open, however, the hallway will have light in the daytime.

Some men are at present remov-

ing such broken slates as they find on the roof of the house, and putting new ones in their places.

A number of the rooms may receive a new coat of paint ere long. Many of them need painting badly.

This Home makes such repairs and improvements as it can afford, and neglects nothing if it can help it.

About a mile from here is a stone quarry. The stone is crushed into smaller or larger pieces, or made into gravel, taken to the river in small cars and dumped into a boat and conveyed to such parts of the country as need it. Every day, of course, the rock is blasted, and sometimes such blasts are severely felt hereabouts. Sometimes we folks feel as if the house itself was for an instant raised from its foundations. The noise made by the blasts are distinctly felt by all who are totally deaf. As many cartridges go off simultaneously, the sound is something similar, when felt by us totally deaf people, to some one beating a drum. Sometimes the blasts are so loud and so unexpected or sudden, they startle and frighten all of us. They generally occur at noon, at 4 P.M. and 6 P.M. Many of the cracks in the walls in various parts of the house are attributed to the blasts over the quarry.

Most of the men who work in the quarry are Italians, who dwell in small houses or huts, and who maintain a small school house for their offspring.

As the quarry is a dangerous place while the men are at their various labors there, none of the inmates go near the place.

It was on the 29th of July, 1920, ere noon, when the new auto for the Home arrived here. It had come all the way from the metropolis, and the person who came up in it, besides the chauffeur, were Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Dr. Thomas Francis Fox and Mr. Charles C. McMann. Soon after the arrival of the new automobile Janitor James Bergen commenced learning how to run it. He got a young man to show him how to handle the self-moving vehicle, and so after a few months' practice was able to manipulate and run the thing himself, and now he is a good driver, and nearly every time he goes to town with the mail, a few of the men or ladies take a ride with him. As many as eight persons can ride in the new auto. As its three seats are adjustable, it can be used as a delivery auto.

All this summer Mr. Bergen has been using the auto, and the horse Shamrock has passed his time over in the pasture with the cows, where he is at ease. Why he is so named is something unknown to me. I am sure he has not a single green hair on his body. He is getting old, he being about twenty-five, and about time he was turned to grass forever. As a matter of love for animals, the Home will keep old Shamrock as long as he lives and treat him well. Everybody is, of course, delighted with the auto, it being so handy and speedy.

Mr. James H. Caton, who is now fifty-nine years of age, who is blind deaf and dumb, and has been living here for about eighteen years, is telling his immediate associates and friends that his father, Andrew J. Caton, who will be, if he lives, eighty-five years old next October, is now an inmate of the Grasslands Hospital, somewhere in Westchester County. The old man is there on account of his infirmities and old age.

Mrs. Anne McConnell, who lives up in Poughkeepsie, six miles from here, and who in pleasant weather, makes the Home an occasional visit, is spending some time with her sister somewhere in Pennsylvania.

A considerable number of mutes live up in Poughkeepsie, some of whom are pupils of Fanwood. Very few of them ever make the Home a call.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan made the Home their annual summer visit in the middle of this very month of August. They came all the way here in their new Nash auto. Instead of boarding here as they have been wont to do for a couple of years past, they put up at a hotel in Poughkeepsie. Mrs. Jordan is the sister of Samuel Johnston, who has been an inmate of the Home for the past five years. Mr. and Mrs.

Jordan, who keep a large millinery store in Pittsburg, Pa., came all the way in their auto, and on the way thither made many stops in various cities on business. While here they took Samuel Johnston out for pleasure. Mr. Soper, who is accustomed to attend to Samuel, went along too, and enjoyed him self immensely. The Jordans also took Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Jones and Miss Barbara Johnston, the assistant matron, out for a spin and a drive.

Rev. Herbert B. Merrill, who is in the late and lamented Van Allen's place, delivered a discourse here on Sunday, the 14th of August, which exceedingly pleased the inmates.

Rev. Mr. George H. Hefflon, who lives in Hartford, Ct., preached here Sunday morning, the 21st of August, and left for Boston the following morning. In the course of his sermon, he said among other things, that the Everett Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, some where outside of Boston, was near the trolley road and access to it was convenient, while this Home, on the contrary, was wonderfully and woefully isolated, it being nearly two miles from the nearest trolley road, and three miles from the nearest town.

Some time before Rev. Thomas Gallaudet died, some twenty years ago, he was asked to have this Home located near the trolley road, but his only answer to the suggestion was a shake of the head. He was the founder of the Home, but seemed to be unmindful of the trouble people experienced in getting to it from any point.

Rev. Merrill, I forgot to state, is in the late and lamented Van Allen's place, and is doing admirably well.

Dr. B. Taylor, a resident of Westfield, was in Poughkeepsie for a few days last week, and last Sunday came to see Mr. Hefflon delivering his discourse. In the afternoon both gentlemen left here together in the auto, and were taken to the station where they boarded a train for Boston. All the folks here were much pleased with their visit, short as it was.

As many of my intelligent readers may suppose, the past months of June and July were very warm and distressing up this way. Often the mercury rose above the 90th degree. On the 29th of July a heavy shower of rain showed up, and put the long hot wave out of existence in this section of the State. Thereafter the days have been cool and pleasant. The month of August has been unusually cool, and sometimes in the early mornings, rather cold.

At dawn, on the morning of the 17th April last, Mrs. Eleanor Graham, a deaf-blind lady, who was nearing the eighty-third year of her age, and who had been an inmate of the Home since January, 1888, passed quietly away after an illness of a few days. Her husband came with her to live here, but died within a few years. Mrs. Graham was unusually bright and talkative up to the time of her death, despite her great age and triple affliction. She had a small estate in Ireland and received from it a small sum of money annually. She was buried on Wednesday, April 20th, because the Rev. John H. Kent was hindered from coming earlier to deliver the funeral sermon.

Two of the lady inmates are Mrs. Robinson. The latter has been in bed ever since she came here to live from Albany, some six years ago, and is said to be over 90 years of age.

The matron, Mrs. K. M. Jones, was confined to a sick bed for a few weeks in July. Being possessed of an excellent constitution and the prospect of a long life, she pulled through all right.

On the afternoon of the Fourth of July last, a huge auto driven by a lady, drove up to the door, and its half dozen occupants landed on the porch, and were soon surrounded by a number of the inmates, who indulged in a lively conversation with the newcomers. It was soon learned that the principal or most conspicuous person among the visitors was Mrs. Lahey, a lady of about forty, who was a waitress here eighteen years, and that her companions, three young girls and

a boy, were her children, and the lady who had driven the auto, a friend of hers. Mrs. Lahey remained here all the afternoon, and chatted freely with all who came out to see her and her company. She was married twice, and is now a widow. The party brought with them a lunch, which they partook of on the porch. Sooner or later Mrs. Lahey, who is interested in the deaf, will call again.

Rev. John H. Kent, the new Vicar of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, has been here as usual several times since last January.

The short after breakfast and after supper services or prayer in the chapel, which were continued and conducted by this or that male inmate for about twenty-five years, have been discontinued altogether. The inmates felt that there was altogether too much chapel.

Some months ago this scribe was reading the new popular book, entitled "Roosevelt's Letters to his Children," and feeling anxious to know exactly what "the sand box" was for, which makes its appearance in several of the letters in the above mentioned book, I wrote and asked Archie B. Roosevelt, who is at present in some way connected with the United Petroleum Co., down in Philadelphia, to kindly give me a description of that particular box, and he wrote me the following letter, which will doubtless interest all who read this article. The letter bears the date of August 19th, 1921, and reads as follows:—

"MY DEAR MR. ROBINSON:—I was more than pleased to receive your kind letter. The Sand Box was an enormous box filled with sand in the White House grounds. In it the children used to make all sort of wonderful castles and buildings out of damp sand. We dumped the sand by means of water carried through a hose from the garden, and after the sand had been sufficiently dampened, we used to run a stream of water through the Sand Box. You can imagine what fun it was. It is of great pride to myself and family to think that so many people should appreciate the letters that my father wrote to us."

"ARCHIE B. ROOSEVELT."

The above epistle is most pleasing and satisfactory affair, though, like myself, many of my intelligent readers will ask the question, "How came that sand box to be on the grounds of the old White House, and what was it, or is it there for?"

Principal I. B. Gardner, of the Fanwood School, who is at present stopping with his brother, Samuel, down at the farmhouse, is busy every day taking the folks out on long rides in his car, and visiting friends and relatives, and the scenes of his childhood days. He is expected up here before he goes back to the metropolis to resume his official duties at the old yellow Milwaukee brick school, better known as Fanwood.

Mrs. W. Patterson, who came here to live, along with her husband, seven years ago, had quite an interesting and entertaining story to tell the ladies who sit with her at the table in the dining-room some time ago. It was that when she was living in Newton, N. J., where her husband was employed in a large shoe factory, one of her nearby neighbors gave her a rabbit that he had shot and killed while out hunting, and so Mrs. Patterson went right to work and prepared the rabbit for the oven, and so while it was baking her cat sneaked up to the oven and dragged the coveted meat to a secluded corner of the house. When Mrs. Patterson went to look at the meat it was gone, and after a hasty search she was stunned to find the cat eating away at it with a look of good cheer and satisfaction. She informed her neighbor of the matter and was given an other rabbit, and so she and her husband had their share of some rabbit meat as well as their thievish cat. As the cat had taken the meat out of the oven unnoticed, methinks animals reason more or less.

Last June 3d was the 99th anniversary of the birth of the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, the founder of the Home, but the event was celebrated quietly on the 4th of June, and about two dozen persons were here.

Owing the extraordinary mildness of the weather during the winter months of 1920 and 1921, the small pond or lake on the farmstead failed to produce a sufficient supply of ice for the use of the farmhouse and Home, so Mr. Samuel Gardner was

compelled to get enough ice for use this summer at Wappinger Falls.

Mrs. Mary Jane Skinkle, who has been a resident of the Home for the past nine years, informs me that her married daughter, Mrs. Sarah W. Angereli, who lives in Boston, did not come here to see her mother last June, as has been her custom simply because the railway fares were so high. Mrs. Angereli, may, however, come in October.

In concluding this article, I want to say this Home, although sadly isolated, is a lovely place, as all who visit it say it is. Perhaps if we deaf could only listen to the sweet songs of the myriads of birds that make their homes in the trees around the house and live here throughout the summer, we would not be as lonesome as we often are. Deafness makes people lonesome in a variety of ways.

STANLEY ROBINSON.
August 25, 1921.

LOS ANGELES.

In the far east the present bridge across the Hudson River linking New York, the great metropolis, with Brooklyn, will not be the only thing in the country, for there is soon to be in the far west a great bridge across San Francisco Bay connecting San Francisco, the metropolis, with Oakland, unless all plans fall through. The project is not a new one, for it was first proposed in 1872. It was again proposed in 1916, but the great war blocked it. Famous engineers are making a thorough study of the Bay City project now. The estimated cost of the structure would probably be as much as the cost of the eastern bridge. It is believed that it will be of great importance to both the bay cities in business and population.

By the way, all Californians will be more than proud of having a new great battleship over the Pacific Coast as a powerful protection, as it has recently been named after their State. The battleship is considered to be the largest among the Pacific fleet, and will be Admiral Elgren's flagship. It will soon be put into commission, many officers and sailors being already abroad at San Francisco. As the State's emblem, a tame cub, of which the officers and sailors are very fond, has recently been presented to the U. S. S. California.

All Angelenos who know Leo. C. Williams heartily congratulate him on being recently elected First Vice-President of N. F. S. D., and wish him success whatever he ventures. Mr. Williams is a well-to-do Californian, his home being in Oakland.

William Egan seems to be making a practice of coming down here and going up north. The scribe and he were classmates under Mr. Douglas Tilden's instruction, before he went to Paris to be a sculptor.

Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Long are still in Los Angeles. They are finding in all beach resorts, suburban towns, Catalina Island and social gatherings, no end of outings and amusements. The pupils and teachers at the Iowa School for the Deaf will hardly recognize them on their return, owing to the Southern complexion they are wearing on their faces.

Clarence N. Modisett accompanied by his father, is getting ready to leave for his Colorado home on a motor tour, and will return here when the winter season sets in. He and the scribe's daughter were classmates at Berkeley.

An addition to the colony of Eastern visitors is Daniel Lynch, who has long dreamed of making Los Angeles a visit. He is a New Yorker.

There is another addition to the colony of those who are visiting Southern California, by the name of Clemons Lopez. He has a position at the Goodyear factory, which forced him to be a permanent Angeleno.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Davis, the young couple formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, have recently moved to one of the suburban towns called Alhambra, and have a nice home of their own there. Mr. Davis is working at the City Hall, but the

scribe does not quite remember what kind of a position he holds.

Though Mr. Fred B. Grice has been an Angeleno for over fourteen years, he has not been among the deaf here until within the last few weeks. He received his education at the California School for the Deaf.

Mr. Thomas Singleton and his wife and boy baby are getting along as comfortably as ever. Mr. Singleton is going to be a prosperous contractor, as he has been building several houses in the city. He has recently built Mr. Ed. McGowan's new college which is not yet thoroughly completed.

The scribe is on a two weeks' vacation, beginning yesterday.

E. M. PRICE.

OMAHA.

The Omaha Frats held their August meeting at their hall Saturday evening, the sixth. The guests of the evening, were Brothers Ed. Hazel, of Chicago, Ziba Osman, of Stromberg, Nebraska, and John Marty, of Council Bluffs, who expects to graduate at Gallaudet next year. The feature of the evening was the report of the Atlanta Convention by Bros. H. G. Long and O. M. Treunke. It was announced by the August Committee that a basket picnic would be given at Lake Manawa, Sunday, the 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Chowins were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien Sunday, August 7th, and all four joined by Mrs. Emma Seely and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bingham with their car, drove out to Elk horn in the afternoon.

One evening recently Jas. R. Jellinek, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Treunke, and H. G. Long drove out to Fairacres, a beautiful country suburb, several miles out of Omaha, to get some tomatoes for canning from a friend of the Treunkes. When about two blocks from their destination, the engine of the car refused to work, and it dawned on the driver "Jolly-nicker" that they were out of gaso line. The Service Station was half a mile away, so the boys turned the car around and it coasted slowly down hill, the gasoline tank was filled and they went merrily on their way. Fairacres is one of Omaha's most beautiful country suburbs, with handsome stone, brick and stucco residences, the lawns and terraces are adorned with flower beds and shrubbery. Omaha certainly has its share of beautiful homes and boulevards.

The Mid West Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association held its annual picnic at the base ball grounds of the Iowa School, Saturday afternoon, August 20th. Despite the fact that a good many members were away, about twenty-five turned out. At half past two the crowd was taken through the buildings, and it was surprising to see the changes and improvements that have been made since school closed. The new refrigerator-room and cream separator-room will be something handy. The program opened with a game of base-ball between two picked nines of which half were ladies, and resulted in a tie of 4 to 4. Following are the rest of the events and winners: Hoop Race (Ladies)—Mrs. O. M. Treunke; Base Hoop Race (Men)—O. M. Treunke; Busters (Ladies and Children)—Grace M. Long; Backward Jump (Men)—O. M. Treunke; Nail-driving Contest (Ladies)—Mrs. Pencher; Relay Race (Ladies and Men)—Anton Netusil, Mrs. Hazel, Miss Grace Evans and Eugene Fry. "Passing the Buck" between two teams was another game on the card, but no prizes given. At six o'clock all took to a shady lawn and had an enjoyable feast from their lunch baskets. The crowd broke up at 7:30 P.M. after a very pleasant time. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Wills, of Malvern, Ia., were the only out-of-town members present.

The engagement of Miss Nellie Johnson to Thomas Scott Cusaden has been announced. The couple have the hearty congratulations of their many friends.

HAL.

St. Louis Briefs

Upwards of fifty St. Louisians attended the twelfth Triennial Convention of the Deaf at Springfield, August 10th to 14th. Most of them went by trolley, a distance of one hundred miles, but several parties made the trip by auto. There were more St. Louisians at the convention than from any other center of population. The business program of the Convention was varied, practical, and interesting from beginning to end. The social attractions were simply great—a reception at hotel headquarters; a reception and dance at Washington Park pavilion; a banquet at hotel headquarters; an auto ride which included a visit to Lincoln Monument, where there was a brief program and a wreath laid on Lincoln's tomb; a tour of scenic sections of the city terminating at Bunn Park, where a picnic occupied the remainder of the day. There was plenty to eat and to drink without money and without price, also free bathing privileges, which quite a few took advantage of. In the evening, Springfield Division, N. F. S. D., entertained the local visiting Frats in royal style. There must have been fully one hundred present and every one was full when the function adjourned. Thanks to Mr. Volstead, they all managed to reach headquarters without assistance. The ladies and non-Frats were entertained at the residence of Mrs. Van Lewis, a good friend of the deaf of Springfield for many years.

The St. Louis crowd felt pretty much at home at Springfield party, because they were not among strangers and partly because the President, Mr. A. J. Rodenberger, hails from East St. Louis. Mr. Rodenberger's merited re-election as president by acclamation, showed that he had more than the voteless St. Louis crowd behind him.

Miss Jennie Susman, of this city, and Mr. Max Lubin, of New York, were married in New York, on August 2d, and will make their future home in that city. The congratulations and best wishes of their many friends go out to them. Mrs. Lubin is a graduate of Gallaudet School, and for a time was a student at Gallaudet College. During the last several years, she has been connected with the Oklahoma School. St. Louis' loss is certainly New York's gain.

Regular Sunday services at St. Thomas' Mission, suspended during August, will be resumed on September 4th. Hour 10:45 A.M. Place: Thirteenth and Locust Streets. Sunday School will be resumed at 9:30 A.M., September 11th. The next "Public Opinion" meeting for the Study of Current Topics, will be held at 7:30 P.M., September 18th. A Box Social, under the auspices of the Woman's Guild, will be given at the Parish House, 1210 Locust Street, on the evening of September 24th.

Gallaudet School begins its forty-second year, September 6th.

Registration for Evening School at Central High, on the evening of September 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th.

The State School for the Deaf at Fulton opens September 14th. Returning pupils will find a new Superintendent, but an old friend, at the head, Mr. W. C. McClure, who formerly taught at Fulton, but more recently has been at the head of the North Dakota School.

Miss Mary Deem, teacher at the Kendall School, Washington, returned home via Chicago, where her sister, Hattie, met her, and where the two visited for several days before coming on to St. Louis.

Mr. John E. Pardun, of Chicago, was a recent visitor in the city for a short time. He attended the Springfield Convention on his way to Kansas, and stopped over in St. Louis on his way home.

The Auto Club holds a festival on Labor Day and evening, on the lawn of the Spiegel residence, 2138 Lafayette Avenue.

The Colonial Dames of America has the distinction of being the oldest patriotic society for women in the United States.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163rd Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whoever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of
of individuals will be charged at the rate
of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

Found Mute Could Speak

FREMONT, NEB., Aug. 26.—R. P. Flynn, alias R. P. Fields, supposed mute who claims Omaha as his home, was startled into speaking at the County Jail after a fifteen day silence, when someone stepped on Mike's abbreviated tail. Mike is Sheriff Condit's French poodle. His sudden yelp behind Flynn caused the supposed mute to jump noticeably while under a cross examination. His action was noticed by officials and their suspicions that Flynn was a faker were confirmed when he verbally admitted that he was "playing possum."

Flynn admits being a professional faker and working upon public sympathy, police say. He carried a book in which are the names of Omahans and Fremonters with their subscriptions. He gathered about \$35 in Fremont before arrested August 9th by Sheriff Condit, on a charge of vagrancy. Investigation proved that his claims as to his former residence in Louisville, Neb., were false.

Flynn stated today that he was driven to his present occupation by necessity. He is a structural iron worker by trade, he says, and also a steeple-jack. Recently he had suffered with fainting spells and could not accept work at dizzy heights. He said he told his wife, whom he left in Omaha with two infant children, that he would follow the harvest. Instead, he assumed the role of a mute, explaining that he was naturally of a quiet disposition and silence was not difficult for him. To substantiate his pathetic story, Flynn presented an affidavit signed by W. E. Barz, Dodge County clerk, which confirmed his supposed unfortunate condition.

His wife came to the County Jail today, accompanied by her brother, who was called to help locate the husband. Charges will not be pushed against Flynn by local authorities, it is understood.

MACON, MO., August 17.—Mrs. May Seavern Hunt of this city, who has been active in civic and political circles in Macon County, has just been appointed as the first woman member of the Board of Managers of the Missouri School for the Deaf at Fulton. The decision to appoint a woman came to Gov. Hyde, when he realized that it is a strictly educational institution, taking care of girls as well as boys, and that women rightly deserved a representation on the board.

SCRANTON, Aug. 10.—Mrs. Theodora Kristina, aged 80, a deaf-mute, was found dead early today at the foot of an old gravity embankment near here. The aged woman was on her way to Tiger Valley when she fell down the steep bank, a fall of about 20 feet, and broke her neck.

Mrs. Kristina was a resident of Shenandoah and has a daughter living in Scranton.

On the body was found a certificate of permission to beg, issued by a Justice of Peace of Tannersville Pa.

Indian Understood Sign.

EL PASO, Tex. June 9.—Judge Pollock had to resort to the sign language and dismiss the case when trying a Navajo Indian on a charge of vagrancy.

The judge first spoke in English, then tried Spanish and finally Indian. Patrolman Tom Thompson, of the Cherokee tribe acting as interpreter. The Indian shook his head each time, indicating that he did not understand.

At last the judge pointed to the door leading from the courtroom. The Navajo bowed his thanks and made a hasty exit.

CHICAGO.

Far from the maddening crowd and facts on frats,
Our pleasant Pleasant lets the days drift by,
In coaxing linotypes to drop gummed mats—
And teaching young deaf "devils" to make "pl."

Frank B. Pleasant, for nearly two years clerk at frat headquarters—the "glad hand guy," who greets visitors with a smile that warms the cockles of one's heart—Frank B. Pleasant quit.

Frank has signed a contract to teach printing at the Wisconsin state school in Delavan. His wife (Beatrice Bemie) goes with him to work in the institution also. Between them, they should save considerable, seeing board and lodging are included, and there is no clubhouse in Delavan to lure unwary shekels.

Frank was formerly a businessman in Denver, Colorado, owning his own business and making good money. Cam-East over two years ago, to take the course in the local school of the Mergenthaler Linotype Co., completing which he worked a short time on the keyboard, then supplemented Miss Gwyn at frat headquarters on the departure of Melville Mathies. He makes it expressly understood that his leaving is not caused by any dissatisfaction with wages or conditions at headquarters, but from a desire to get the worth of his tuition fees at the linotype school. "If I get fired from this job some day, all the time spent on it won't help me to qualify for another," he figures. "While an operator well trained can secure a sit almost any place, any time."

Pleasant took a prominent part in Sac activities, from the time of the clubhouse purchase until his marriage last winter. His going will be a loss to silent circles.

Business conditions in Chicago seem unchanged. The Pageant of Progress gave an impetus to certain industries, but the Credit Guide analysis of failure covering the United States and showing a pretty general decrease, states that Chicago shows a sharp increase. Secretary of Labor Davis states there are 5,735,000 persons unemployed in the United States. Silents coming to Chicago in search of work have not met with much success lately.

The Silent A. C. clubhouse has been thoroughly redecorated, being painted by some of the members out of work. One, George Ross, their favorite story teller, is reported to have fallen from a weak supporting platform and injured his leg so badly an auto was called to take him home. Plans for a lively social season are in progress, under the chairmanship of that sterling entertainer, Joe Wondra.

Any time Harry Whittemore, that genial disciple of the gospel of "eat, drink (grape juice) and be merry, for tomorrow we pay taxes," drops in and gathers together a party of kindred spirits, he makes Hodgson and his League of Elect Silents look to their laurels. But that's telling.

Harry accidentally ran across the Chicago conventioners while en route to St. Louis on business, and was persuaded to disembark and rest his sitting machinery at the Springfield Convention. He has several typical stories. Here's one. Met several nice oral girls at the convention, one of them wealthy, pretty, and apparently bright.

Harry, a super-leader himself, entered into conversation. Found the girl had attended an oral school in St. Louis—none of that vulgar, disgusting sign-language for persons of refinement and culture like herself. "How far did you go through High School?" asked Harry, expecting she would give the Sophomore or Junior year. She knitted her pretty brow in puzzle—ment a minute, then gave answer. Harry was stupefied; then thinking she failed to grasp the question, repeated it. Again the same answer: "How far; One Mile—I went through One Mile."

One of the local subscribers of the JOURNAL gave his wife two dollars to send in as a renewal. Wife, in praiseworthy economy, tries to save three cents (Money Order fee) by sending the two bills to Editor Hodgson. As the JOURNAL has stopped coming, it appears wife's economy cost two dollars—or some crook stole the two dollars.

Mrs. A. Kalish (Mamie Sullivan) is back from a two-month honeymoon in Los Angeles.

Emry Horn, the crack ad. man, designed a handsome two-color folder advertising the "Three Big Attractions" here around Labor Day. In addition to the Labor Day picnic for the home fund, and the Frat picnic on the Sunday preceding it, the Sac will give its opening ball the Saturday preceding both—making three dates in three successive days. Unfortunately, the Sac—as usual of late—announced its plans too late to be given proper advance publicity in these columns, which may cost it heavily in possible attendance of out-of-town parties.

That Emry Horn—a recent addition to Sac ranks—seems to be a

live-wire of untiring energy. Rumor has it he is to issue the first number of a new publication, "The S. A. C. Bulletin," shortly. Horn's activities will somewhat atone for the loss of several former leaders.

After a social summer in our midst—renting the Hasenstab home, furnished, while the Hasenstabs summered at Lake Delavan—the E. D. Snyder left August 30th. Took a trip to Little Egypt before resuming their posts as teachers in the Jacksonville School. "Egypt?" you inquire. Oh, that's a standing Illinois joke—the southern section of Illinois is called Little Egypt, since Cairo, Ill., is the leading city—same as Cairo is of Egypt.

E. P. Cleary will be in this man's town Sept. 9 to 15—school opens on the 15th.

The annual summer rush on the "Bankers," at Rand McNally's, did not last as long as usual. About the middle of August Rand laid off five of the seven extras working on the Bankers.

Mrs. Louise Rutherford and two children spent several days visiting relatives in Marengo.

Constance Hasenstab motored in from Lake Delavan to register at the University of Chicago as senior, aiming to ultimately attain the degree of doctor of medicine. She previously studied in the Illinois Women's College.

Mike Dowling is back from a two week vacation in Duluth, Wisconsin, and Michigan. "It's unusually cold up there for this time of the year," says Mike, ruefully.

Rev. G. F. Flick's birthday was celebrated at All Angels' August 17th (one day previous) with a big cake, candles, ice-cream an' ev'rythin'. His parishioners presented him with an umbrella.

Frank, the hearing brother of Rev. Henry Rutherford, has successfully undergone an operation for removing an ulcer under the stomach. Frank is superintendent of terminals of the C. & E. I.

The Pas-a-Pas basket picnic at Jackson Park, August 20th, was a flivver. Some forty souls came out to sit on the damp grass and shiver in the teeth of a stiff breeze; the lake being so rough park authorities forbade swimming. That's the trouble with picnics—you never can tell.

Johnnie Purdum, the latest "Miracle Man," of Chicago's circle of Miracle Men—a circle embracing of late years such wonder-workers as F. P. Gibson, Johnnie Sullivan and Jesse Waterman, Kansas.

Purdum has been vacationing a tank-town called Parsons. Purdum's personal appearance is typical of the motion picture person—long, lean, lanky, sombre featured, soft-spoken. What a title for a movie, or a magazine yarn: "Parson Purdum's Prunes and Pumpkins."

Cards from the West locate the Ross McDonalds and Charles Bosses in Yellowstone Park. Ross and Charlie make big money as carpenters out in Idaho—while Chicago carpenters are continually on strike over something or other.

Mrs. George Schriver is summering at her old home in Newark, N. J., together with little Jean. George stays on the job as a high official in the Schriver Laundry Co.

Sol. Garson, New York, stopped over for a few hours, en route home from western points.

Mrs. Mark Knightair is back from a month's vacation, starting with the Springfield Convention and ending with a visit to her old home in Taylorville. She reports Lonnie Baird is doing well in a shoe shop there. As some of the local silents, who made as high as \$45 weekly a year ago, are now glad to get jobs at \$10 to \$12, Baird would do well to stick to Taylorville until business picks up.

Harry Belling, the capable caretaker of the Silent A. C., is enjoying a four week vacation. During his absence the premises are in charge of Paul Belling and S. Bonkowski.

Peter Schat, captain of the Good-year bowling team which won second prize in the Fraternal, spent several days in town. Schat expects to rob Chicago of one of its most popular queens before long. He was one of the first class of twenty-four deaf men to finish the three-year course in the Flying Squadron, August 11th.

D. W. Kaufman, wealthy hearing vice-president of the Congress Hotel, who died August 31st, is related to Kaufman for many years a teacher in the Flint School.

A Fulton, Mo., daily has a glowing account of Quin O'Brien, a Chautauqua lecturer, who conducts an open forum and amazes everyone with the facts and figures which he uses to answer all questions from the audience on crops, politics, business, the Japanese problem and the coming Japanese United States war, etc. Quin is a brother of one of the Ephpheta Silents.

The National Fraternal Congress, in the Hotel Sherman, is not represented by our frats. Gibson explains that we would not get the value of our \$50 yearly membership fee, by reason our frats are all drawn from one class deaf citizens. The papers state one of the "big bugs" advocates adding to the requirements of those seeking insurance—barring reckless motorists, indulgers in "home brew," and

men with a fondness for women other than their wives. (If the frats adopt those restrictions, some of us will be mighty glad we are already in the fold.)

The Knights of De l'Epee held their annual picnic August 21st at Dunning.

Alf. Liebenstein caught 18 bass at Charlevoix, Michigan, where he is vacationing.

Whist party at All Angels' Saturday, the 17th.

THE MEAGHERS.

FANWOOD.

Fanwood, which throughout the long summer months has been one of the quietest spots on the Heights is now quite alive. Many who have been on vacations are returning, and all are working with one aim in view, getting everything in readiness for the re-opening of the Fall term, and when September 14th comes around everything will be as it should be, as it always has been in the past.

Not many changes have been made, but some needed repairs (a new floor in the pupils' library) and painting, to make the appearance of the inside look neat, and most important of all the windows, woodwork and floors have been scrubbed thoroughly, and I dare say it has been quite a job, as the matrons in charge can testify.

Prof. William George Jones has returned from two months spent at Stamford, N. Y., and reports a very pleasant vacation. His wife and daughter, Ethel, were with him. He says that when we were suffering here in the metropolis from the heat, up in Stamford he had to use double blankets to keep warm at night. By the way, Mr. Jones passed his 70th milestone in July, but from appearances one would not take him to be more than 60 or thereabouts—in fact, Mr. Jones seems to look better to-day than he has in a number of years.

Mr. Edward Ohland, a former pupil of Fanwood, and whom with Fred J. Griffiths were the mainstay of the Alphabet Club for a number of years on the cinder path, was up this way on Tuesday afternoon. He is a machinist by trade, but business being slack, he has taken up painting boats returning from voyages from foreign shores, and is making good. He was disappointed in not meeting his friend Griffiths, as the latter was not at work on Tuesday.

Samuel Jampol, who graduated a year ago, was this way on Wednesday afternoon, as also were Samuel Zadra, Benjamin Shafranek and Emil Mulfeldt. The four last named are still pupils and will return to school next week. Sam. Zadra worked at type-setting during the vacation and Benjamin Shafranek at feeding a job press.

Mr. George W. Emslie, one of the bookkeepers here, after spending a couple of weeks along the New Jersey coast, is back at his post with his stereotyped smile that won't come off. He reports a delightful time and says that bathing was fine, but failed to see a sea-serpent, or any such monster. Those who say they did must have been dreaming.

Miss Jessie Garrick, sister of James Garrick, one of the boys that has been slinging type and feeding the press that prints the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, is back from a very pleasant and profitable vacation, spent at Camp Pine Top, Tamworth, New Hampshire. The place is an ideal one; here any kind of field sports can be indulged in, besides there is a fine lake where boating, canoeing, and swimming can be enjoyed to one's pleasure, and there are few such ideal places as this New Hampshire resort in this country. Miss Garrick reports ascending to the top of the mountain, where it is covered with snow the year round. Though the climb was tiresome and difficult, she is now very proud of having accomplished the feat.

Anthony Walligora is the first pupil to return. He returned on Monday, August 29th. He spent the summer in Wilkes Barre, Pa. He expected to get employment in the mines there, but was disappointed, as there was a long list of names filed, and of course it was out of the question for him to expect to be in. At school here he is learning the printer's trade, and if he attends strictly to mastering it, he will not need to file an application for a job, but will readily find one without difficulties, as the best workers are always in demand everywhere.

Rudolph Behrens and James Garrick have been secretly training during the past few weeks to try and achieve the time made by Edward Malloy, last May, but we are in the dark as to their progress. They may surprise all in the Fall games to be held in October. We hope they will.

Miss Florence H. Jones, an honor graduate of this school, and for a number of years employed in the Flint, Mich., School for the Deaf,

first as a supervisor and then as matron, was here Thursday, to revisit the scene of her girlhood days, and incidentally called at the JOURNAL office.

Last week the Trades School building was cleaned by the scrub brigade, and now looks spick and span.

Messrs Behrens, Walligora and James Garrick saw "Dream Street" at the Audubon on Saturday evening, September 3d.

Frank F. Lux, the Physical Director, returned on Friday, September 2d. He spent a very pleasant vacation, by making numerous excursions from his home in Brooklyn, and now looks the picture of health.

Mr. George Ashley, book-keeper, who also is apt to dream of wonderful things that happen right (?) has had his vacation, but has had no new dream worth reporting.

Frank Cappelle, the youngest son of Anthony Cappel, returned from a two weeks' stay at Peekskill, N. Y., with the 22d Engineers. It was his first time, and the hardship endured was not what he expected, but now that he has got used to it, is eager to go again.

Excitement among the boys here is intense in regard to the hot contest being fought both in the National and American Leagues for first place. The interest is also manifested among the officers, who attend games at the Polo Grounds, and root for the both the Giants and Yankees to win the pennant in their respective leagues. At this writing both New York teams look like winners.

Mr. Edward Clearwater has returned to his post in the Cabinet Shop after enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

"Cat-tail" has been the favorite sport of the JOURNAL comps during the summer. They play it every noon after lunch, and sometimes after work at 5 P. M.

Major Van Tassel is back at his post, looking bronzed and healthy, after a month spent in Maine. While there he incidentally hung up a golfing record.

DETROIT.

From the outlook of things it appears that the old saying, "Coming events cast their shadows before" is true. Surprise parties and birthday parties seem to be the rage just now. One was staged Saturday afternoon, August 20th, and another one took place Saturday afternoon, August 27th. However, the more the merrier. From the number that turned out to do honor to these persons, it appears to be a popular pastime with the deaf of Detroit. At the first party mentioned some twenty deaf friends of Mr. Delebert Johnson assembled at his home unbeknown to him. Isham Gatton, with the aid of Mrs. D. Johnson, engineered the scheme.

It was a neatly arranged and successful undertaking. To go into details would only be repeating the time-honored tale of such delightful entertainments. Suffice it to say that all enjoyed themselves, especially Mr. Johnson, who was the recipient of many useful presents from his friends. Among the numerous presents were handkerchiefs, towels, silk Sox, neckties and cigars. Handkerchiefs seemed to be the most popular presents he received. Mr. Johnson graciously acknowledged with thanks all these presents, and laughingly remarked in referring to the numerous handkerchiefs, that he would be well prepared in case of hay-fever or colds. The long dining room table was groaning under the weight of the eats. Bunting of a variegated hue extended from the electric light chandelier to each corner of the table, which added to the splendor of the other decorations. As to the eats, we will only say that they were fit to set before a king. The occasion was the 45th birthday of Mr. D. Johnson.

Mrs. Affeldt, of Cleveland, signed gracefully that beautiful poem, "My Faith Looks Upon Thee." Miss Matilda Stark, Vice-President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the D. A. D., added her mite to the joyful gathering by rendering a birthday greeting. As it was signed in such a charming way by such a charming lady, I think it would be worth while publishing, so I secured a copy from Miss Stark so the JOURNAL readers would have the benefit of it. Here it is just as she gave it to me:

Today I send a message forth
To greet your birthday morning,
And wish that Joy's own bud may bloom,
Your onward path adorning.
May all good fortune and success,
All happiness and pleasure,
Await you in each coming day,
With endless stores of treasure.

The whole afternoon was spent pleasantly. At 10 P. M., the entertainers left for their different homes. Before leaving Mrs. Gatton and Mrs. Johnson handed every one, with the exception of Harry Brown,

DENVER.

Luther F. Alford and Miss Margaret Burchfield were married on June 28th, at the home of the bride's parents. Quite a large number of the deaf were present. After the ceremony, the bride and groom tried to sneak out through the back door, but were detected and had to run a gauntlet of rice, confetti and old shoes. They now reside at 789 Dunkeld Place, Apt. 11.

The Liberty Club, which is composed of the ladies of the deaf-mute colony of Denver, gave a picnic at City Park, Sunday, August 21st. A good time was reported by all who were present.

H. E. Grace, who was Denver Division's delegate to the Atlanta Convention, gave a convention talk on Saturday evening, August 20th. Mr. Grace reported a good time, but very little for sightseeing. However, he was able to tell a lot about the hospitality of the South, some stories of Civil War times, and the impressions he received about the colored population of the Southern metropolises.

Bob Frewing has located in Denver, and is working at Smith Brooks Printing Co. He is figuring on starting a basketball team the coming winter, and is busy looking up material for a probable silent team.

Thos. Y. Northern, who has a linotype and is doing linotype composition for the trade, has had such a volume of business that he had to add another hand, in the person of Mr. Quinn, of New Jersey. Mr. Quinn just moved to Denver. He was accompanied by his wife, formerly Miss Ada Studt, well known to all Denverites, and a bride of only a few weeks.

Mr. L. C. Williams, of Hilton, Cal., made a short stop over at Denver, on his way back to the Pacific Coast from the N. F. S. D. Convention in Atlanta.

The strike of the Union printers has not yet abated, thus Messrs. Kent, Jones and Nast are still picketing, which they have been doing for the past three months. How much longer they will continue at this street walking no one can say.

Misses Kate Lindsay and Edna Chapman, recent additions to Denver's silent colony, are biding their time in the bindery room of the Bankers Supply Co., which plant boasts of the largest number of silent workers in town.

The Silent Card Club held its last card party of the year at T. Y. Northern's mansion. It was conducted by Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wolpert and daughter, Lucille, to whose home the gathering was to be, but which was called off on account of inadequate transportation facilities to their beautiful ranch home, fourteen miles north of Denver. At the close of the party the winners of grand prizes were announced. Mrs. H. E. Grace receiving beautiful Indian basket, for ladies, and Mr. John Fisher, a leather belt with a sterling buckle, for men.

Paul Marks, delegate of the Ogden, Utah, Division, to the Atlanta Convention, made a stopover in Denver, on his way Utahward, and took in the sights.

Miss Harriet Sparling returned home after an extended stay in Montana and a trip to the east to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York City, Philadelphia and Washington.

Another fishing trip to the mountain streams is being planned for September 3, 4 and 5. A large number of sport lovers intend to join in making the trip a success, despite auto troubles which we encounter on every trip.

DENVERITE.

PEORIA, ILL.

The Peoria Club held a meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lord, on Saturday evening, August 27th. Convention news and plans for the Fall was the order of the evening.

The Labor Day picnic will be held at Waterworks Park.

Mrs. Maggie Cunningham is improving after a very serious illness. She expects to spend the winter with her mother in Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Belcke are back in town again, after spending the early part of summer in the country with Mrs. Belcke's mother.

Mrs. Otto Roth has returned from a two months' visit with her parents in Iowa.

Mrs. David Kumpf entertained the Ladies Croquet Club, on Wednesday, August 24th.

THE TATTLER.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,
323 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:30 P. M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P. M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
ALL THE DRAFT CORDIALLY INVITED.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf.
Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Fort Smith, Ark.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the best.

WITH THE B-B-B'S

To be in the swim with the B-B-B's is a privilege! Girding ourselves against possible disaster for invading the sacred precincts of an Adamless Mermaid stamping ground, our ability to do the overhand stroke saved us. The B-B-B's owe their popularity to Mrs. Harry Pierce Kane and her side-kick, as they say in swim circles, Miss Esther Spanton. Ten years or more have elapsed since.

The B-B-B have a Board of Censors, or "The Ladies With the Cold Stare!" You may enjoy yourself to the limit, as long as you leave home play on the other end from whence you came. To get within focus of the "Cold Stare Board" will make you feel as cheap as a watermelon seed atop breaker coming up the Brighton Beach.

The silent B-B-B's have a guard-dian too. Lo, the poor mortal who ventures to perturb the equanimity of Mrs. Kane and her B-B-B's. He is Mike Friganelle, of the Brighton Beach Branch of the Atlantic Coast Guard. Handsome and dark eyed, "Mike" looks for the silent folk as regularly as he has been on time for five years past at Brighton. He swims like the proverbial fish, and has enough tan to supply the wants of a Douglas shoe factory. Tuesday, with one of Frank Lux's sturdy athletes, Harold Yager, a youngster of 17, the trio gave an exhibition swim, breasting the swell for a mile and a half out and back. Yager has competed with the Brighton Mermaids and Mermen in diving exhibitions. With a little persistence and right coaching, he promises in time to drop from the fifteen feet spring board and enter the six feet deep pool without making more splash than a pea dropped into a tumbler of water would.

With few exceptions, last Tuesday, those in "the swim" were—Miss Flora Jones, a star in her day among the fair girl grads of Old Farwood, now matron at the Michigan Institution, Miss Cecile Hunter, who perks up her pretty face and tells you it (Flint) "is" her *Alma Mater*, but at present she resides with her sister on Riverside Drive; Mrs. Boswell, whose "Hubby" helps out the Washington postal employees, while "Wife," a consistent B-B-B, is at the maternal abode in Brooklyn for the summer. Miss Deborah Hoyt Marshall, all the way from Portchester, with her brother "Gil's" bright little son; Mrs. Emily Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goldfog.

"Pop" Pratt, as hale and hearty as a two year-old colt; Miss Annie C. Kugler, Mrs. A. Meisel, Mrs. Attie Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. Laing, Mrs. A. Stern, Mrs. C. Bothner, Mrs. M. Lounsbury, Mrs. Bob Stevenson, Mrs. Foland, Mrs. Charles Donovan, Mrs. Mamie Hayward, Mrs. M. Kaminsky, Sam and Mrs. Branson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. S. Goldberg, Mrs. Art. C. Bachrach, Miss Frankenthal and Miss B. Purnin, who though is a Gallaudet College Junior, has hopes of completing the circuit and coming out with a laurel wreath on her shapely head.

Then there was the leading "fish" of the B-B-B Mermaids, Mrs. Harry Pierce Kane, and the members of her pool, Miss Essie Spanton, Mrs. Hannah Vetterlein, Mrs. Kate E. Russell, Mrs. Culmer Barnes, and Mrs. George N. Donovan. Editor Hodgson, of the JOURNAL, with Hy. Kohman, Frank Lux and J. F. O'Brien, in search of a little sunlight, wound up the coterie on that afternoon.

Mrs. John J. Malone was pleasantly surprised at her residence in Brooklyn, last Sunday afternoon, in honor of her birthday. The affair was attended by a large number of her friends and relatives. The guests arrived late and the fun began without delay. Mrs. John J. Malone was the recipient of many handsome gifts. At a late hour a supper was served, after which the party was terminated. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Joseph Malone and one daughter, Mary, and three sons, Harold, Raymond and George, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Malone and two sons and one daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry V. Malone and five children, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Hall and one son, George Hall, Mr. Raymond A. Malone and Miss Mabel Milton, Mr. Albert J. Malone and Miss Margaret Malone, Mr. Westy and Miss Agnes Malone, Mr. Joseph Malone, Mr. John J. McKernan and Miss Margaret Dalton, Mr. John J. Martin and Miss Mary Perna, Mr. John Humienk and Miss Sophia Lohmer, Mr. Moses Rudansky, Mr. George Schott, Mr. Raphael De Paul, Mr. Raymond A. Malone was the entertainer of the evening and greatly pleased all with the many games which he conducted.

Sergt. Weckesser and Policeman Cody of the Marine Division, were

patrolling the Harlem River in the Department motorboat a few days ago, when, in the vicinity of 127th St., they discovered the body of a man floating in the water.

After pulling the body ashore, the police searched the dead man's clothing and found a note in his inside coat pocket. It was addressed to "Whom It May Concern," and read: "If anything happens to me, please notify my daughter, Mrs. Blanche Konkel, 204 East 126th St., or my niece, Mrs. Sadie Morris, 519 West 147th St. I am Robert Young, 65, of 202 East 126th St."—*Harlem Home News*.

Miss Jeannette Wolverton, Class of 1919, Gallaudet College, was in New York over the week-end until Labor Day, and attended the morning services at St. Ann's Church with Miss Bella Purnin a Gallaudet College Junior, and Miss Maxwell, Class of 1921. Miss Wolverton is employed in the Washington Branch of the Federal Bond Bureau of the American Surety Company of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Aufort went by motorcycle to Amityville, L. I., about a week ago, and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Gilbert. Mrs. Aufort saw a cow milked for the first time in her life, and drank some of the milk. They returned home bringing a lot of pears, apples and flowers.

The pictorial supplements of the Sunday newspapers all had portraits of Miss Helen Menken, who is starring at one of the big theatres in the play "The Triumph of X." Both her father and mother are well-known New York deaf-mutes.

Miss V. B. Gallaudet, who has been spending the month of August in York Cliffs, Maine, expects to return early in September, and hopes to meet the members of the W. P. A. S. at St. Ann's on Thursday evening, September 15th.

Mr. James A. O'Grady was married to Miss Elizabeth A. Sands, on August 28th, 1921, at St. Francis Xavier Church, 16th Street near sixth Avenue, New York City. Rev. Hugh A. Dalton, S. J., performed the wedding ceremony.

While on a sightseeing tour in Boston, Charles Sussman, Max Hoffman and Moses Schnapp had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Van Tassel on Tremont Street. The latter were homeward bound after a month's vacation in Maine.

Miss Grace Eaton left September 2d for Haleb, Maine, where she will stay for a month's vacation. She'll make a trip to Montreal on her way back to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Heuser, of Patterson, and Mrs. Isabella Fomire, of New York, spent a recent Sunday at Ocean Grove, N. J., the guest of Mrs. Fomire's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann and their son, Joe, reached home on Wednesday, September 7th. They had been in Southern California since the early part of June.

After a month spent at Delaware Water Gap, the Misses Margaret and Eleanor Sherman are home again and already planning a busy season for the V. B. G. A. A.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Kaminsky spent Sunday and Labor Day in Boston.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZEL, Pastor, 3226 N. 16th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eight St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.

Mrs. J. H. KEITH, Mute Interpreter

Sabbath School—2 P.M.

Sermon—3 P.M.

Christian Endeavor—4:15 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirtieth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mrs. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deam, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.

The deaf cordially invited.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Sept. 3, 1921.—The many friends of Mr. William H. Zorn extend sympathy to him in the death of his mother last Sunday, at her home in Wood County. He received a telegram to that effect Sunday, and went up to attend the funeral, which occurred Tuesday. She had been sick the past three years, and often expressed a wish that the end would come soon. She was 83 years of age.

Mr. William Toomey has let his friends know down here that a son was born to him last Sunday, in West Virginia, at the home of his wife's folks, where she had gone to visit last June.

Miss Rachel Gleason, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, is visiting her classmate, Miss Katherine Toskey, at the home of the writer, and will return home tomorrow.

Mr. James Boyd, of Bellaire, Ohio, turned up at the Home for the Deaf yesterday, on a visit. We happened to get there shortly after with Mr. Leonard, Superintendent of the Guernsey County Infirmary, who desired to see the place, and Eva Warne, a resident of the Home from his institution. He was surprisingly pleased of the place, and added "Grand Matron," every thing is so clean, including the people under care, and that the Home was the proper place for Miss Warne.

The brick work of the Men's building is completed. The carpenters were placing the boards on the roof for the slate, cornice work completed. The plumbers were progressing with their part of the work. The wiring men were to come next, and maybe there by the time this appears in print. All the cement work in the basement and portico is completed, and from a distance the building looks attractive, and will more so when finished.

The fifteen acres of wheat put out last fall, gave, after threshing, over 122 bushels, one of the poorest crops the Home has raised, as a result of the bad weather conditions in the spring. Surrounding farmers were even less fortunate in the number of bushels of their crops, which in some cases were a total failure.

Mr. William H. Greigsby was away from the Home visiting some of his children in the city, and Miss Anna G. Poyntz is back again from several weeks' visit to relatives in West Virginia.

Miss Mary Rader, of Xenia, became a resident August 21st. Her parents are deceased and she is being looked after by relatives.

While we were there at noon, Mrs. Mary Harrison (nee Adcock) was brought from Mt. Carmel Hospital by the Westerville undertaker. She has not recovered from the injury to her hip and right leg, sustained last June. She was anxious to be brought back to the Home, as she was quite lonesome at the hospital. The doctor thought the removal would be safe, hence the transfer. Mrs. Chapman will look after her as much as it is possible in addition to her regular duties. It is difficult to secure an attendant.

Mrs. Maria Leich, first Physical Director of the Girls, and later Matron of the High Class Girls, died at the home of her daughter at Plymouth, O., the first of the week. The remains were taken to Dayton, O., for burial. Mrs. Leich became a victim of the influenza about three years ago, which later developed tuberculosis. She went to Colorado, hoping to be improved by the change of climate, but fate seemed against her, and she came back to Ohio some time ago, making her home with her daughter.

Because of the hard times, it was deemed best by those in charge of the affair to recall the lawn social to have been given at the School, under the auspices of the N. A. D. Branch of Columbus. The fear was that few out-of-town deaf would attend, and most of those in Columbus are not caring to be lavish with their money. The attendance at the State Fair did not meet previous expectations. There was a great falling off from last year. Moreover, there was less spent by people for refreshments, lunches and drinks, than ever before. Instead of patronizing the eating booths, many of the farmers and Columbus people brought their own lunches. As to the exhibits, they were finer and more numerous than previous years, even in the display of vegetables and fruits, despite the fact that in Ohio all crops are poor. Horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry entries, far outdid previous years. Tents had to be put up to meet the demands. We met only two deaf people inside the grounds, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Murphy, of near Orient, O. Since the closing down of the automobile business in Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are staying with the former's parents.

The Winemillers moved down from Cleveland, Thursday, and after storing their goods in their

new home left this morning for Wapakoneta, to visit Mr. Winemiller's folks, which they have not done since leaving Colorado.

A. B. G.

TEXAS.

The delegate for Dallas Division reports that the delegates in session at the recent Frat Convention went on record as being in favor of subjecting James Meagher to severe reprimand for his article in the *Silent Worker*, in which article Jimmie threw off the bond of oppression from Frat Headquarters and wrote just what he wanted to write. Having read Jimmie's article, it seems to me that the delegates must have been under the influence of Home Brew, because after calling Jimmie down for writing what he thought right, they turned right around and voted to increase the salaries of the officers, and if that was not what Jimmie was trying to get them to do, I'm a useless corkscrew. Its a cruel world; but never mind, Jimmie, better luck next time.

I can't vouch for the above, but if it is true, then I must say that the delegates certainly gave Meagher a raw deal.

Mr. Clifton Talbot and family spent their vacation traveling in South Texas, in Mr. Talbot's Studebaker automobile. Mr. Drew Johnson and Miss Beulah Cristal accompanied them.

Mr. Fee Griggs spent his vacation traveling in North Texas, visiting friends in Wichita Falls, Gainesville, Paris, and Clarksville, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy E. Hill and baby daughter, Kathleen, have been visiting friends and relatives in Marlow, Oklahoma, Gainesville, Ft. Worth and Dallas, Texas. The Hills will move to Austin this winter, where Mr. Hill will teach school in the Texas School for the Deaf.

Mr. W. L. Thompson, of Waxahachie, and Miss Leonora Baird were married recently, and will make their home in Waxahachie, Texas, where Mr. Thompson is employed in an oil mill.

Mr. Clifton Seale, of Kerens, Texas, visited his friend, Mr. Charles Jemison, of Whitesboro, Texas. While in Whitesboro the big stiff played baseball with the local teams, and according to the accounts he lost several balls for them by knocking them so far that they were never found again. Fred Moore, here's a man for your Who's Who department in the *Silent Worker*.

The Deaf Class of the 1st Baptist Church entertained all the local deaf people in Dallas with a watermelon social at White Rock Lake, about ten miles north of Dallas. About seventy-five deaf people enjoyed the outing, which consisted of a hay ride on a big auto truck prior to the watermelon feast.

On Labor Day, September 5th, the Ft. Worth Frats will hold open house and serve lunch at their clubhouse on Lake Worth, and all the deaf are invited to attend. The club is situated within 100 yards of the bathing and fishing beaches and plenty of fun will be had by those desiring to get it, and a nice shady nook is handy for those who might desire to do a little spooning.

Mr. Welcher Corum and Miss Annie Seahorn, both of Ft. Worth, will be married on Monday, September 5th. Mr. Eugene Clark, of Austin, and Miss Gusta Ballard, also of Austin, Texas, were married recently in Austin. Congratulations are in order.

Clifton Talbot's father, Judge J. M. Talbot, a well-known and greatly liked gentleman, went to his heavenly reward on the 27th of July last. Judge Talbot's end came suddenly, while he was at his home on Worth Street, Dallas, Texas. Clifton and his relatives have the deepest sympathy of his deaf friends.

BRANNON WHITLOCK AND TOM HILL.

Brannon Whitlock and Tom Hill, two of the younger deaf men of Dallas, Texas were both killed by the M. K. & T. Railway Train, No. 6, on Friday, August 5th, at Rockwall, Texas. Mr. Willis Sides, who was with them at the time of the accident, stated that they were on their way to the wheat fields of Kansas, and that Whitlock and Hill had been looking for a field of watermelons and had walked down the track in search of same, and that they stepped off the track to allow one train to pass, and got back on the track immediately thereafter, and were killed by a train that followed directly behind the first train.

Tom Hill was killed instantly, his body being horribly mangled, while Brannon Whitlock lived thirty minutes after being taken to Rockwall, Texas. Brannon Whitlock was a member of the N. F. S. D., Dallas Division, No. 63, in good standing at the time of his death, and the local Frats acted as pallbearers and had general charge of the funeral.

J. N. FITZHUGH.

On Friday, August 12th, J. N. Fitzhugh was drowned while in swimming at a tank near Lancaster, Texas, his home. According to eye witnesses, J. N. dove into the water after having swam around for about an hour, and finally diving from a

springboard, never to come up again. Frantic efforts upon the part of Doyle Kerr, his friend, were without avail, and it was an hour before the body was recovered with the aid of fishing tackle. The deaf of the State of Texas were greatly shocked to learn of J. N.'s untimely death, and extend to the bereaved family their sincerest sympathy in their trying hour.

Young Fitzhugh and Whitlock were close friends and chums for many years, and it seems a strange coincidence that they should both lose their lives accidentally and in such a short space of time.

OREGON.

All is grist that comes to my mill. Washington news is welcome to this milling.

I have been accused of residence in Oregon by Washingtonians and in Washington by Oregonians. So. And I have worked in both.

Puget Sounders have raved over the Columbia River Highway, and Columbia River Highwayers have praised Puget Sound.

It is time to forget sectionalism. A great mind is cosmopolitan and unselfish. The coast and mountain region from pole to pole can be great enough to praise the whole or part without any loss of prestige. The Alaska country is greater than Puget Sound in natural attractions and possibility, and California is greater than the northwest in exotic beauty and immensity of timber or majesty of water fall. But the world will concede to Oregon on its Columbia River Highway the scenic road of variety, color and majesty.

Come, come, throw aside local prejudice and let us co-operate in educating the world on our country. Of course, I have been praising mainly our Oregon attractions, but have put in a word for other sections north or south.

A delegate from another State to the late N. F. S. D. Convention at Atlanta, says Portland's failure to win the Convention for 1925, at Portland, was due to insufficient advertising. This if true vindicates me. A little more co-operation and a little more advertising along the lines I suggested would have put Portland ahead. But we have learned a lesson, and they know more about the west anyway. But a convention during a fair is out of place really.

Married—John Caldwell, of everywhere, and Myrtle Barton Spence, of Spokane. John Caldwell is a hearing man, who has learned to use the sign language.

The Lynches are staying on. He had a little operation on his nose, taking out a small obstruction! If his job suits, his stay may be permanent.

The little Reichle kid had ear trouble, but not mastoiditis or needing an operation.

Miss Anna Schulz Kantz had an operation for tonsillitis. Anthony may find the change worse, for she is too energetic.

Miss Marjorie Diek from Canada, is coming to Miss Henderickson's. A darling boy will be happy.

Doctor H. W. Collingwood, of the *Rural New Yorker*, has a sermon in the issue for August 6th, on a deaf man in tribulation. Gene Wilson, read it and cheer up. The good old farmer editor is deaf himself.

A writer hints that civilization is decadent. He has seen no reports of recent births of great ones! Neither have I!

One jobless man went to church for the first time in weeks, and got a job. Another ditto, did not, and did not.

A local paper in its motor supplement has an article on "Certain Types Who Should Not Drive Motor Cars," in which are classed: "Persons who are afflicted with dangerously defective hearing or eyesight." And a St. Louis Street Car Superintendent thinks deafness no defect in a motorman. And the deaf all over the country are running motor cars, motorcycles, motor boats, stationary steam or gas engines, tractors, trucks, electric cars, electric plants, and what not. And a blind man drives a Ford—he really makes blinds. Deafness is a help at times and need not be a hindrance or a handicap.

Roy E. Hawley is reported to be in St. Louis.

Frances Robinson, of North Bend, Wash., is visiting Bertha Seipp, of Yakima, Wash.

A. C. Dreyer, of Topeka, Kan., writes "Business is very quiet, and it makes me restless like a flea on a hot skillet." But the simile is far-fetched. A. C. D. has too much avoidpools to be as quick or active.

Alfred Waugh is learning to run a Ford. The mystery of the motor is as inexplicable to him as to one nigger. Asked if he knows autos, he nodded his head, saying he had been under, over in and round autos, washing them inside and outside, but for the life of him, he could not understand how they ran. Under Sanford Spratlen's driving

his Ford is a steady-going Dobbin, but let Alfred handle it, and it shows a fondness for ditches, fences or other autos, or balks and bucks.

Andy Genner has a Metz Bug. One Sunday a truck in front turned just as Genner tried to pass, and the radiator and lights on his Bug were damaged.

Clarence McConnell is trying to be a Speaker Reed in his capacity as President of the P. S. A. D. Speaker Reed had the brains though.

Roderick Campbell is working in a lumber camp near Port Angeles, Wash., while Mrs. F. Whetzel Campbell is looking after the house in South Seattle.

Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner is getting ready to build that Institutional Church for the Deaf in Seattle. It will have a club room with two pool tables in the basement. The officers are: W. E. Brown, President; A. Koberstein, Vice President; Mr. Gustin, Secretary, and Leonard Rasmussen, Treasurer. Rev. Mr. Gaertner will be glad to have the deaf help build the church.

The picnic at Lacomia in the Washington Cascades was enjoyable. The Wrights, of Seattle, took along Misses Chapman and Robinson and Oscar Sanders, the Axts Forded Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler and kids, and Halger Jensen brought Ed. Martin, Bryan Wilson, Paul Houscher and Joe Kuschbaum. From Ellensburg came the Weayers and Robert Rogers. From Yakima came Jerry Stewart, wife and daughter, Jack, Bertha and Lena Seipp, Clifford Devereaux and Karl Edwin, Elles Johnson. The route was over Snoqualmie Pass to the Falls. The scenery was grand. They all wrote they had a swell time.

If you can't find the Reichles in the home look for the tent in the back yard. They are having a remodeling and the transformation will make a mansion out of the cottage. The auto will come later. Traveling east seems to have given J. O. the idea. Or was it the Missus?

The Frats had a picnic at Halla day Park, Saturday, with basket lunch. In the evening they gathered in the Church of the Strangers at two bits each to see Delegate Reichle recount his trip to Atlanta and back. Ice cream and cake were served after the lecture.

The Lindes Chevroleted the Cravens to Astoria today. But the day was cloudy, so the couple could not rave over the wonderful scenery of the Lower Columbia River Highway. The cloudy day on the coast is a day that shows no sun, moon or light. But the day free from cloud, fog or smoke is clear. You see clear across the horizon.

Robert Adkins goes back again to San Jose, Cal., to marry Miss Ogg. He will be in clover.

Mr. Winters intends to stay till September. The trip east will be cooler then.

The auto parks in town are crowded. California tourists make up more than three fourths of the people and cars. The tin can tourists are great advertisers. Oregon, the Pacific Coast, the mountain country, receive wide publicity from them, impressive because of first hand knowledge and honest enthusiasm.

Mrs. Ruba Westfall Wham, from Yoncalla, is coming to visit Mrs. Rudy Spieler this fall. The Municipal Auto Camp at Portland, Boulevard and Albina Streets, opposite Peninsula Park, is only two blocks south, and one block east from the home of Rudy and Pearl Pickett Spieler, on Bryant Street and Mississippi Avenue. The number is 1481 Mississippi Avenue. Feel free to call on them for help in any way.

Ed. Spieler has bought a lot in Vancouver, and built a shanty. Wise move. For while everything has gone down, rents have been going up or are held at war figures.

Charlie Reeves is going to the cannery. The farm will run itself. The wife and kid will look after the eating of the fired chicken.

The east is agitated over and agitating against bobbed hair, knee-length dresses, flimsy dresses, one-piece bathing suits. "Evil to him who thinks evil." The evil-minded see evil everywhere, the pure minded see purity. It is mere environment, education, habit of thinking. Doctors agree we wear too much clothes, and agree sunshine and exercise, purity of mind and heart, great for health and longevity. Let the ladies dress to suit their purses or figures. Why hide beauty and health under artificiality?

The Lindes in their car stopped at the Craven home, while Bird was on the night shift at the coo-perage, and Dora was at the store, stamping on the back steps disturbed the bees living underneath. They accepted the challenge, and routed the Lindes with stings on the kid, and Mrs. Linde on the neck and an upper cut under the coat sleeve of Mr. Linde. The Lindes retreated to the car in disorder and met Mrs. Craven coming back, but said not Bird next day gassed the bees with sulphur fumes, but regrets they did not discriminate between visitors and peddlers.

Frank Brickley is back in Oregon. They do come back. Our sins find us out.

Geo. Kreidt has failed to enter Canada without the required \$250. But many of us have entered Canada without money. And many have come back the same way.

Moxley is here from Eastern Oregon to buy land to build for renting and to look for work.

The baby born to Ozias and Estelle Bursen Stevens was born dead. The mother died soon after. This is the second calamity of the same nature that has happened to Ozias Stevens.

Irene Dixon has returned from a visit with her parents at Albany. They have gone back to Texas.

Peacher passed through on his way back to Idaho, to work the mines. The Ford Bug he uses costs like nothing. With free auto camps in every town in the west, and camping equipment on the car, traveling means gas, oil and tires (with the fine paved roads tires last year or two), and the eats come from the garden, orchard or market and are prepared by the tourist by the roadside or at the city-free camps. Just why the east of the Mississippi do not have free city auto camps for tin can tourists, is what the west of the Mississippi does not understand. But then we are more hospitable than the old-fashioned south.

T. C. MUELLER, PORTLAND, ORE. August 22, 1921.

It looks like rain. We need the rain too. So you now know it does not rain here twelve months or nine months.

John Brinkman, of Iowa, and ex-'95 Gallaudet College, worked some time near Pendleton on the State road and near Tillamook on another State road. He passed through Portland on his way to Spokane to work in the harvest or woods. Rain does not agree with John. John is a worker and not a reader, like T. C. M., so he says.

Cortland Greenwald has gone to Seattle on business. He may go to California from there.

There is a young couple, who is working overtime to pay for their home. We all admire their pluck, perseverance, and disregard of sleep, but will the house bought and paid for in several years with the interest totaling up about half of the principal, even if commodious, and well, arranged compensate for the probable loss of health, the recurrence of sickness and the doctor's bills?

Dr. W. A. Evans, in his syndicate articles on health topics, calls the "climate of Washington and Oregon the best baby climate we have." He is right.

The real estate men of Atlanta, Ga., say after their experience at the Real Estate Convention in Portland, that Oregon hospitality has nothing to learn from old fashioned southern hospitality, but has a great deal to teach. They are enthusiastic over the northwest.

On the door of an employment office, a truthful and disappointed job seeker wrote: "1918 work or fight. 1921 fight for work." This is the situation the country over.

Doctor Collingwood asks in a late *Rural New Yorker* for "old fashioned cures for deafness," of which he gives two "popular" examples, skunk's oil and pounding a tin pan close to the other ear. He wants to make a collection.

Weber, of San Francisco, was bumming round Portland, but has bummed himself back home.

Ever eat good raw tomato. It is delicious. Try eating raw vegetables and fruits of the right variety. Cooking seems to kill the flavor and strength in most.

Cosgrove and Saunders came here from San Francisco, en route to Akron, to work in Gaudy factory.

Frank Bucey and Rufus Edwards are in San Francisco, according to the above two tourists.

Grover Evans intends going to California. He has leased his Idaho land for four years, but hopes fortune will induce the leaser to give up the lease, a farm can feed and bed one where a city can not.

Carl Gillis has been ranging the country east of Hood River. He says he has bought four pack mules, and will take his family into the mountains till winter.

Louis Divine has received an application from a Kansas mute for work. We all would advise easterners to stay at home till conditions justify there coming here.

Bjorkquest went to Denver, to meet Dean Horn coming back from the El Dorado ore field in Arkansas. They will visit in the mountains till time for school at Vancouver.

Wirth has finally won a job at the coo-perage.

Rudy Spieler has volunteer tomato plants growing from tomatoes he allowed to rot and freeze outdoors. The tomato really is tropical, and has been acclimated to the temperate zone, but a tomato whose seed survives a freezing winter is new. He also has two potato leaved tomatoes that bear sweet fruit. Rudy and family go soon to the seashore for a two weeks' vacation.

Willie Seaman, Jr., has a vacation from his work as handy man in a fashionable apartment building.

Frank Brickley is back in Oregon. They do come back. Our sins find us out.

Columbia, S. C.

DUNCAN—CAVE

A marriage of last evening which is of unusual interest in Columbia was that of Miss Mamie Duncan, daughter of Mrs. J. W. H. Duncan, of 1000 Hampton Avenue, and Robert Lee Cave, which was solemnized last evening at 8:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's mother, the Rev. R. S. Truesdale officiating.

Owing to a recent bereavement in the family, only a few relatives and intimate friends were present. The ceremony room was beautifully decorated in quantities of white roses, and a mound of ferns was banked against the mantel. The lights were softly shaded in white, and the green and white effect was carried out in all minor details.

The bride's only attendant was Mrs. Hebert Smoak, of Union, who served as dame of honor. She was dressed in a frock of pale pink georgette and satin and wore a large black picture hat. Her flowers were pink roses.

The bride, who entered with her brother, Ben Duncan, by whom she was given in marriage, wore a simple and elegant gown of white georgette and satin, combined with with ostrich feathers and a shower bouquet of bride roses completed the bridal costume.

H. E. DeWitt attended as best man.

The ceremony was performed through an interpreter, Miss Ella Glover, who translated the ceremony into the sign language.

Following the ceremony an informal reception was held and punch was served by Miss Dorothy Duncan of Richmond, Va., Miss Clarkson and Miss Fannie David. Later an ice course in the color motif of green and white was served, Mrs. J. Leslie Jones assisting.

Mrs. Janie Elmer and Ben Duncan, with the bride's mother, Mrs. Duncan, greeted the guests at the door.

The beautifully embossed bride's cake was topped by a miniature bride, and the cutting of the cake with its fate emblems was a delightful feature of the evening.

Later the bride changed to a black broadcloth coat suit and a black hat, an advanced fall mode. Mr. and Mrs. Cave left for a motor trip through the mountains of North Carolina. On their return in about two weeks they will make their home at 1000 Hampton avenue.

Both the bride and groom are graduates of the school for the Blind and Deaf at Cedar Springs and have many friends in Columbia.

Mr. Cave is proprietor of the Cave Vulcanizing Works at 1312 Sumter street.

Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan and daughter, Miss Dorothy Duncan, of Richmond, Va., John Duncan, of Charlotte, both brothers of the bride.—Columbia Record, Aug. 26th.

China has but 6,000 miles of railroads while her natural resources warrant the construction of more than 300,000 miles.

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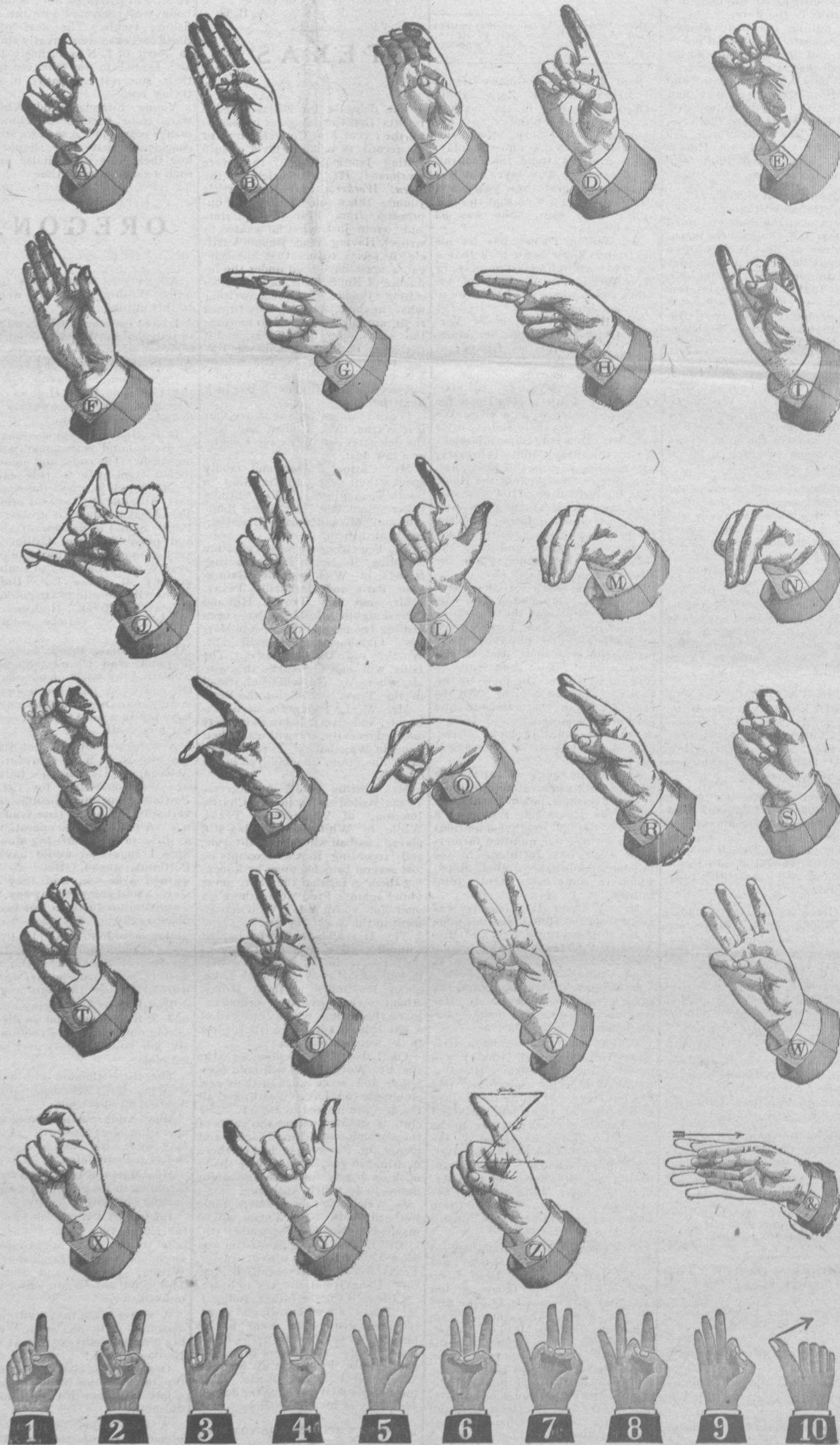
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